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The Holly Twig (A Week's Work Well Done)

The Holly Twig (A Week's Work Well Done)

On Monday morning I married a wife,
Thinking to live a sober life;
But as it turned out I'd bet-ter been dead,
Than rue the day that I got wed,

cho: Lad-dy-I-O! Fad-dy-I-O!"
Sing fal-re-lal-lal-lal lad-dy-I-O!"

On Tuesday morning I went to the wood,
Thinking to do my wife some good,
I cut a twig of holly so green,
The roughest and toughest that ever was seen.

On Wednesday morning I put it to dry,
On Thursday morning I gave it a try,
I wholloped her back and I wholloped her wig,
Until I broke my holly twig.

On Friday morning to my surprise,
A little before the sun did rise,
She opened her clatter and scolded more,
Than ever I'd heard in my life before.

On Saturday morning I began again,
So I beat her again very much the same,
And the Devil came in, in the midst of the game,
And stole her away both blind and lame.

On Sunday morning I dined without,
A scolding wife or a bawling bout,
I could enjoy my bottle and friend,
And have a fresh wife at the week's work's end.

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